

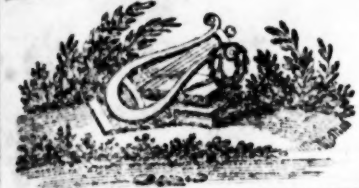
The Saturday Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Written on hearing the mild doctrine of the Society of Friends preached by a lady from the state of Indiana.

Say who is she with spirit meek,
Beaming from eyes of mildest light,
We see no anger flash her cheek,
Thou' zealous would her precepts blight.

Whose bosom swells with ardent prayer,
Whose heart responds with Christian love,
And every thought that's cherished there,
Must emanate from light above.

'Tis one arrayed in heavenly vest,
Whose shield and mission are divine,
Proclaiming peace to every breast
That humbly seeks a Saviour's shrine.

She teaches us by truth's bright ray,
With hope inspiring call,
God gave his only son away
A ransom for us all.

The vilest may repent and live,
Relying on his promise,
That he a Heavenly home will give
When earth is fleeing from us.

Thou need not at Jerusalem dwell,
Or worship on the mountain,
Nor wash in elemental well—
Thy heart, O man! is the fountain.

Tis there He will a temple seek,
And there his will make known,
Thou sweet consoling comfort speak,
When worldly friends have flown.

How soft the music of her tongue
As thus she calls to Heaven—
Be it as the tidings shepherd's sung,
Sinners may be forgiven.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SPRING.

Now the bright the rosy morning
Purples from your eastern dawn,
All the azure sky adorning,
Said light o'er every lawn.

Now the winter's furs slacken,
Vernal midness spreads around,
Now creation's face awakes,
From its slumbers late profound.

Torch'd by Spring's reviving powers,
Now the trees their tenders show,
Mistled by refreshing showers,
Soon their buds and foliage grow.

Now a matted turf encloses
All the ground with verdant green,
Bamboo-like forest roses,
Every where are gaily seen.

Blessed songsters, sweetly singing,
Raise their accents, strain their tongues,
As the air is constant ringing
With the music of their songs.

Prely rumbles, ever flowing,
Babbling o'er the painted sand,
While the zephyrs gently blowing,
Temper all the heated land.

Oh! thou Spring of sacred treasures,
Why so fleet is thy career?
Tarry still with all thy pleasures,
I could see thee all the year!

VERNALIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES.

O, will no arm the injured save,
No voice but dark oppression cease?
Oh, must the life blood of the brave
Grimace the snowy robe of peace?

Sweet peace, that spreads her gentle wing,
And looks with eye of weeping mildness,
Whose soul, bath'd in celestial spring,
Is all unused to scenes of wildness.

But yet if mad ambition will
Perish in deeds of wrong and pain,
Come rest thee here, sweet nymph, until
The smiling of thy endies reign.

Tyrants who shrink ye from the light,
Why threaten shake the chains of slavery?
To rain—its vain, your deeds of night,
Most yield to freedom, truth and bravery.

Truth waves her flag to freedom's sky,
And spreads her banners to the wind,
Behold! the powers of darkness fly
Before the "mighty march of Mind!"

Advance but now your trembling hosts,
Thou'ldst be by the thunder's roar,
Tush! but the right high freedom boasts,
Your doom is fixed—you rise no more.

Pass not the Perseus—the hand
That check'd of old the tyrant's way,
Is strong and just as when the band
Of Egypt o'er the waters lay.

The flame of truth shall brighter burn,
And virtue speak in bolder tones;
Back like a flood shall wisdom turn,
And overwhelm your tottering thrones.

Who is the "God of Louis?" say,
Whom thus your trembling souls invoke?
Beware! Despots—be aware that day
The God of heaven your deeds provoke!

HAYLET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON A MANIAC.

His glance is wild and racing, it bespeaks
The ruin of a soul sublimely great;
The flush of fever burns upon his cheeks,
And the blood rushing with uneven gait

Along his dark blue veins, to frenzy urging
The work of nature, from a scarcely creeping
State like the sea o'er broken mounds singing;
Then like a breathless lake all stillly sleeping.

Oh, was not the man that once I knew,
When pleasure's mantle knew no stain from woe;
When joy's bright sky of love inspiring blue,
Reign'd thousand lights for him was in a glow.

Let love, a cloud of darkest hue beam,
And fancy now like lurid lightning gleaming,
And let the feeling that has been in me,
These verses are addressed to my beloved friend W. P. P. P.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO SATIRE.

Oh thou, whose gimlet eye can pierce the soul,
Whose voice, whose looks can folly can control;
Whose thundering accents ringing in the ear,
Can make the self-determined deaf man hear;

Before whose face the scold will silence keep,
The immodest man will blush, the unfeeling turn
and weep;

Often, where Charity in rain hath prayed
To the cold heart of Avarice, for aid,
Thou hast unlocked his stores, more has he given,
For fear of thee, than he would give for heaven:

Off from hypocrisy thy hand hath torn,
The goodly character that he had worn,
And to the opened eyes of men revealed,
The innate wickedness he had concealed:

Oh! this is satire as it ought to be,
Firm in its judgments and from passions free;
But there are satirists who only see
The face, and not the soul's deformity:

Thus if these writers criticize, they scan,
Not if the author executes his plan,
Not if fair Genius o'er his labours smile,
With wisdom's fruit to cheer, while its bright
flowers beguile;

No they still turn their sharp unwearied eye,
To find some term uncouth, or word awry;
On this they work their pens, and sometimes make
A dose that may the author's calmness break;

But such a dose ne'er does the patient good,
It only tends to hatred and ill blood. P. P. P.

AN EPISTLE OF TENDER CAUTION

Against stumbling at the Faults of others.

It has been the work of the restless adversary of human happiness in all ages of the world, to strive to keep man in, or bring him into darkness. Those who are in it he strives to keep in it; and those who have been redeemed in some degree from it, he strives to captivate and beguile into it again; and his design in both, is to prevent the enjoyment of the sweet flowings of the love of God, and the powerful communication of the Holy Ghost. For he knows that these enjoyments are only witnessed in the light. He also knows the light would shine, and even prevail to the letting the soul into the full fruition of those divine enjoyments, if he did not with all his might, strive to propagate the kingdom and power of darkness in and over people's minds.

Now the stratagem he makes use of are many and diverse; one of which, and that not the least, it has been pressing on my mind to write a few lines upon, by way of caution to such as are desirous to land safe at last, in the mansions of undisturbed felicity; but it feels or has felt difficult to express my mind, so as to have my words go to the right place, and do good. I have no desire to write one word on this occasion, but what may be of use, and tend to strengthen those desires and strivings, which the Lord of hosts delights in, and which as they prevail, his blessing is unto. Therefore, I desire that all prejudice may be laid aside, and my words weighed in that balance that ever is accompanied with a just weight; and tried by that car that truth words, as the mouth tastes meat. I know the subtlety of Satan is such that he will be apt to supply the caring mind with materials to overthrow the force of all the persuasions and arguments, and exhortations that the sincerest good will can dictate, or the greatest yearnings of bowels, and travail of spirit for the welfare of souls inspire. However, if the Lord shall please to impress the following on any mind to advantage, to him be the praise; if not, with him I leave it.

The particular sin of the adversary, that my mind is engaged to guard, caution, and encourage against, is this, stumbling at the failings of others. A potent engine, a powerful instrument which prevails by Satan's influence to the weakening the faith of many. "U, alas! alas! why will a spirit bound to eternity, stumble over the failings of flesh and blood? Why will a soul, that must finally settle accounts between God and his ill, spend time, waste time, in muse and d-d-spond at the infirmities of another? The frailties of a thousand, cannot impair the unchangeable Truth and righteousness of Jehovah. The hypocrisy of ten thousands cannot deprive the faithful, persevering soul, of the all-sufficient assistance of the mighty God of Jacob. It is an everlasting truth, that there is a right way to serve God; and tho' a multitude fall on the right hand; and an host of those who have been as at its in the firmament, revolt on the left—yet the way faring man, tho' a fool, cannot err in that way which the Lord hath cast up for the ransomed to walk in. We are told that the dragon's tail drew a third part of the very stars from heaven. Was this told, to stumble us? Surely may;—but still the cry is, Come up hither, and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. Now the stumbler may say, "I have strove to see the bride, I have thought I had seen her, I have viewed her, and her beauty fades away; her brightness disappears." But, mark well the call is "Come up hither, and I will show thee." It is not while we stand gazing at imperfections, and reasoning upon faults, that we must expect this divine prospect. No, no. But come up hither, and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. This come up hither, imports something very different from that of halting, lingering behind, as it were, sticking in the mire, which my soul has truly mourned over and lamented.

I think I am a living witness, and can testify that there are some who have long ago been kindly visited, and tenderly invited by the Lord, to come and see, how good he is; and who have even tasted in a degree of the sweetness of his love, who are yet far behind hand with their day's work,—are halting, doubting, (may it not offend

them?) are feeding on serpent's food; which was denounced by the lip of Truth to be dust, and that all the days of his life. And I also declare, under a feeling sense of Divine authority, that nothing better shall be the food, to all eternity, of such as spend all the days of their lives in gazing at, or stumbling over the failings of others. But I mean not to censure. 'Tis their immortal souls' welfare I have in view; therefore, I would call them; yea, beseech, and intreat them, as they tender their own salvation, to come away,—come away. This is not your rest. 'Tis surely is polluted. It is a land of darkness, as darkness itself: the shadows of the evening, yea the shadows of midnight are spread over the minds of the inhabitants thereof. Oh, sorrowful! sorrowful! that any should love to dwell in utter darkness! that any should suffer their immortal souls to be made so easy a prey to the Dragon. What will it avail thee, O soul, when thou comest before the great and final tribunal, to say such a man professed great sanctity, but was an hypocrite; therefore I was tempted to quit the service of the living God, and serve his enemy? Or, such a one made profession of exalted piety, but was a liar, a deceiver, an abominable wretch; therefore, I was somewhat washed, I turned to my wallowing in the mire. This will never justify thee at the gates of heaven, nor procure thee an admittance thence. Oh! my soul mourns on thy account. My spirit is indeed grieved. Come, let me query with thee—Dost thou feel a daily striving to overcome evil in thyself? Art thou constantly concerned to keep up the inward watch and holy warfare? Yea, let me come closer: Whilst thou art dwelling, musing, and feeling upon the faults of others, art thou at the same time engaged, and panting after perfection in thy own soul? While thou art releasing to thy intimate friend, the wanderings and weaknesses of such and such, dost thou feel longing, and unquenchable desires in thy mind, to make war in righteousness against the power of corruption in thyself? If not, the enemy of Truth, it is to be feared, may with justice, challenge the praise due from thy complannings. Oh! that that eye was open in thee, that could see thyself. Oh! that thou hadst a heart to understand this mystery of iniquity. But alas! the adversary blinds thee. For why dost thou give back, because of another's weakness, but because of thine own? Why stumblest thou at another's frailties, but because thyself art frail? Make a pause then,—and turn thy attention inward. Set a watch upon the wicket of thy soul, and keep centinel in deep attention there; then wilt thou have enough to do to view thy own imperfections, and to guard against them, so as not to stumble of ers. Work enough indeed may be found to engage all thy care and diligence, in laboring to cease from evil and do good thyself.

It is less substantial than many a dream, to give the victory over our own souls to our enemy, because others are entangled in his snares. Shall I quit the field, and turn my back in the day of battle, because a fellow-soldier is treacherous, cowardly, or unfaithful, when I know my all is at stake, and I feel I must perish? Surely nay. I ought to be to put forward with more zeal, vigilance and constancy; endeavoring to encourage the fearful and unbelieving; as knowing the salvation of their souls, as well as my own, is at stake. Away then, thou reasoner! thou numerer! with such pitiful meanings and excuses. The day of solemn reckoning draws near. Thou must ere long, appear before the Ancient of Days, to give an account of the deeds done in thy frail, mortal body; and to receive a reward according to thy works; not according to the stability of another. Therefore, awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, that Christ may give thee light. For darkness, gross darkness, is the enshrouding, overshadowing canopy of thy soul. It is time for thee to hear and obey the command given to Israel of old;—to go forward;—for thou (with them) hast compassed this mountain long enough;—a barren mountain, in the wide, desolate wilderness, from the top of which, it is much to be feared, thou in yest one day (or rather night) by the arising of a strong and boisterous whirlwind, be swept off into the bottomless pit of despair; or into some quagmire, or swampy hole, where serpents, reptiles and venomous creatures breed and dwell. Oh! that I could persuade thee, for thy own soul's sake, to turn thy back on Satan's suggestions. Oh! that thou could be prevailed upon to lift up thy head above the world, that so thy salvation might draw nigh indeed.

Now to conclude, let me once more beseech thee to hearken to that encouraging invitation, which is sometimes sounded in the secret of thy soul, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." Come up, is here the joyful sound, and even the spirit and the bride say Come; and indeed he that will come, may come; yea verily, may come; and if he improves the strength given, all the powers of earth, and of the infernal hosts, cannot hinder him. For "there is no enchantment against Jacob, nor divination against Israel," while abiding in their tents. Therefore to thy tents, O Israel. To thy tents, O Israel. Keep inward. There thy strength lies. There is thy place of preservation. There

shalt thou walk in the light of the Lord; his candle shall shine upon thee, and his inspeaking word shall guide thee in the way everlasting. Walking in which, with fullness of peace, I desire to leave thee, and rest thy friend. JOB SCOTT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Although we cannot by the exercise of human reason lay open the plans and decrees of the Deity, or investigate the hidden system by which he rules the natural and moral worlds, yet we may, without incurring the charge of impiety or presumption, account for many things upon principles of reason and philosophy, which have often been superstitiously ascribed to Divine agency. Phenomena from natural cause have frequently been taken for omens and prodigies, and astonishment and terror have been excited by the appearance of things simple in themselves, natural effects following a natural cause. Faith in the doctrine of signs and omens, have destroyed the happiness, and poisoned the cup of life in many an honest mind—the accidental breaking of a glass—an unusual strange noise, or an uncommon but idle dream, has often filled the mind with painful forebodings, and been considered as the preliminary sign of death, or some dismal destiny. An eclipse in old times would draw whole nations of people into consternation, and the appearance of a comet excited terror and dismay, and was regarded as the messenger of Divine wrath. Those things now are familiarized to the understanding, and their causes are laid open by the researches of human reason. Ignorance and superstition have, in a great measure, surrendered their empire over the human intellect, and science and the diffusion of knowledge, like the rays of the sun, are scattering away the mists of error that once involved the human mind in darkness. The trammels which the unguided hand of education has imposed upon us are hard to shake off, and the wrong impression received in infancy can rarely be effaced by any sober maxims in maturer age. Who that has been once terrified by bugbear stories of raw head and bloody bones, of apparitions of the dead, be an ever after, with perfect self-possession, face the scenes where these are said to hold their nocturnal vigils. Parents who have the happiness of their offspring at heart, cannot be too watchful over their infant minds, to guard against the introduction of error and falsehood. Evil in the germ, may be easily checked, but if suffered to shoot into luxuriant growth is rarely to be controlled. Our common conversation should, therefore, be very guarded, lest we inadvertently instil into the young and tender mind improper ideas. The absurd doctrines of ghosts and omens should never be countenanced in the presence of children, and due care should be taken how we ascribe evil to the Divine agency. Evils and calamities fall to our lot according to the common course of things, and if the proximate cause is not immediately visible, some ignorantly imagine them to be the effect of Divine vengeance, which is a principle as false as that which Jesus Christ condemned in those who told of the Galileans massacred by Pontius Pilate.

The Ladies' Friend.

MATRIMONY has its advocates and its enemies—after all it's a good thing, if not abused. True you may stumble upon a bad partner, and that will be bad enough; but you may meet with a better one, and course of life—the world is full of them—the best possible rule is, if you want to make a good wife—a good husband. If you would have an intelligent husband, be a tender, forbearing, affectionate wife. In more than half the cases of unhappy matches the truth is, that there is much fault on both sides. There is a truth in common life, "mend your own manners, and your neighbors will mend theirs." It applies to matrimony as well as to intercourse in general.

THE GOOD WIFE.

The good wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she has entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, true and faithful to her husband, chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word and deed. She is humble and modest, from reason and conviction, not from choice, and cherishes from passion, what she acquires by love and tenderness. She preserves by prudence and discretion, the makes her husband a contented man, that every thing which promotes his happiness must in the end contribute to her own. Her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distresses, her good humor and complacency lessen and soothe his afflictions; she openeth her mouth, as Solomon says, "with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of her husband,

and catcheth not the breath of slanders; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband alone and he praiseth her." Lastly, as a good and pious Christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the great dispenser and disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharge her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

The good husband is one, who wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy and honor, with tenderness as a friend, he attributes her faults to her weakness, her imperfections to her inactivity; he protects her from over exertion with good nature, and pardons her with indulgence. His capricious humors are employed for her welfare, all his strength and powers are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it; lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite together in one eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

COLLECTANEA.

THE PET LAMB.

In the first settling of Nottingham, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, a family had raised a lamb, in and about the house, which became the play fellow of their daughter, then about three or four years of age. One day, while the parents were too busy to be very attentive to the child, she and the lamb strayed into the woods and were lost. After some time the family and neighborhood were alarmed, and went in search of them, but for many hours to no purpose, their anxiety being greatly increased, by the frequent howling of the wolves which were then very numerous; at length the child was found asleep and unhurt, and near it some of the bones of the lamb. She told them, that the naughty dogs, meaning the wolves, had killed and eaten the lamb. The woman, whose life, when a child, was thus providentially saved, died about the year 1797, in the same neighborhood where she had always resided.

"I forgot it," said Sam Shambles to his customer whom he had promised a round of beef for dinner—"I forgot it."—What could he say more? the man had to go without his dinner but he changed his custom. I forgot it, says the man who has promised to pay a bill on a certain day—the creditor was disappointed, but nothing could be done, the man forgot it. I forgot it, says the mechanic who has neglected a piece of work that ought to have been done. I forgot it. He even preserve us from these forgetful fellows—they turn all our calculations upside down, and make us as unfaithful to our promises as they are themselves. But hark ye! you have no business to make a promise if you can't remember to fulfil it. Please to bear that in mind—for people out, fit not to suffer for your carelessness.

A GOOD CHARACTER is, to a young man, what a firm foundation is to the artist who purposes to erect a dwelling on it, he can build with safety, and as all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted. But let a single part of this be defective and you must go on at a hazard, amid doubts and distrust, and ten to one but it will tumble down at last and mingle all that was built on it in ruins. Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil. If piety cannot exist where good character is not, where it is, it always is a frequent visitor to a constant guest. All that is bright in the hope of youth; all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life; all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this, as the first and most valuable earthly good.

COMMUNICATION.

I have perused most of the periodical publications now in circulation among us, and none of them, in my humble opinion, appear to contain so much simple fact, and plain truth, as a religious work called "The Reformer." Nothing but what is authenticated and founded on truth and sound reason is admitted into its columns; no dry, uninteresting disquisitions, relative to the why's, who's, wherefore's of sectarian animosities, and predilections; no speculative opinions, in order to support any particular sect, or party, or to build up the kingdom of Anti-Christ; all of which only tend to engender strife, and hinder the promulgation of the Everlasting truth, as it is in Jesus.

I have attentively perused all the numbers of said to be useful work, from the 1st of January, 1820, to the present month, and I would recommend the perusal of them to all serious enquiring minds who wish to have correct views of the present degenerate and retrograde state of Christianity.

ANTI-SPECULARIAN.

Philadelphia, April 6th, 1823.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide, pain of body, &c. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more importance to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving much more attention than either of them receives.

To the Game of Draughts.

GAME No. 4.

White move first.

10 to 18 3	to 24 14	to 18
13 23	22 12	19 26
11 14	17 23	10 8
15 29	25 10	14 23
17 17	21 17	14 16
18 22	17 7	14 13
19 11	16 24	19 2
11 23	22 13	24 17
13 16	20 28	24 17
14 19	16 1	19 9
23 20	27 22	17 2

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was a hard though a short struggle. My opponent possessed too much of Major Longbow's muscle, and in spite of my exertions and the cheers of my play-fellows, I was prostrated at his feet; half choked with dust and sorely bruised, I attempted to rise; but the victor had no idea of letting me come off so cheaply; a well aimed blow levelled me again, and his vengeance would soon have finished me, when a cry of "let him up!" arrested his progress, and I was borne by my little friends from the field of action. It was the moment of childish despair, and I thought them the sweetest sounds I had ever heard. As I grow older, every instance of oppression recalls them with redoubled force to my memory. When I see a man who has been unfortunate in business, shrinking from the unkindness of a cruel world, drawn to the earth by accumulated troubles, and trampled upon by those who had joyed in his prosperity, I cannot help saying, it is time to strike the fallen. "Fair play, let him up!" When I see a young man who has dared to follow the impulse of reason, who lays aside the tutelage of his infancy; who adventures to think for himself, and worship his God according to the dictates of his conscience; When I see him slandered, abused by the intrigues of officious relations, alienated from the heart of a beloved parent, exiled from the home of his earliest affections, and thrown into the chilling atmosphere of neglected poverty; I ask, is he a Christian, who would break the bruised reed? Why prostrate the tree thou hast planted? "Let him up!" When I see a man of noble mind, beguiled by one whose tongue drops manna and can make the worse appear the better reason? "When I see him (too late convinced) writhing on the treacherous hook, yet fearful to release himself from his false ally's embrace, lest he be wounded deeper in the struggle; I say, poor man! experience will be dearly bought; strive to break from the shameful coils; the fiend will feel his hold is slight and through a show of mercy, "let him up!" When I see a man whose best hopes have been blighted, who has borne existence, amidst griefs

"That those, who feel, can paint too well. But few ever fill and hold to fill."

When I see him deserted, save by a herd of gaping creditors, who watch his every movement, and creep the means by which he vainly would liquidate their claims; I must exclaim: "it is hard!—you injure both his prospects and your own; urge not the wretched and he may haply rise; Good people, "let him up!"

FAIR PLAY.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," and when accompanied by assurance and self-conceit, cannot fail to excite the ridicule and censure of the world.

No constitutional goodness, no acquired knowledge, can supply the absence of wisdom and modesty. The assertion of the poet is completely verified in a few novices of the present day, who have but a short time since passed the threshold of infancy, who fancy they have arrived at a state of manhood, and who suppose they have a right (by violating the laws of good breeding) to take up, even in the company of ladies, every word that does not quite accord with their superior taste and judgment.

But they must sooner or later learn, that all their imaginary or real acquirements, unattended by common politeness and good manners, will avail nothing.

European Intelligence.

RESURRECTION MEN.

Extract from a letter dated Paris, January 9.—"The resurrection men will doubtless be thrown into great alarm by the following diplomatic information, which I gave you from the highest authority. The augurs, and lecturers, and students of London, have opened a correspondence with the French government for the exportation of dead bodies, commonly called subjects. They appeal to the desire of the French to promote the sciences—to the pecuniary interests of the Government, and plead the enormous expense and hazard of obtaining bodies in London. A subject costs 15*l*. 15*s*.—and lately some students in stealing, or to speak more technically, procuring some lately themselves, in a churchyard, were so prepared in the legs with small shot as to be unable to get home, and unfit for service. I have seen the propositions in form."

The four Spiritual Peers who are to sit in Parliament during the ensuing Session, are, we understand, the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Bishops of Meath, Kildare, and Derry. Messrs. Clarke, Griffith, and Co. of St. Petersburg, have obtained a patent for ten years for the introduction of Gas Lights in the whole Russian empire.

London Drinking.—It is calculated that not less than 65,000 pips of wine, 10,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 2,000,000 barrels of ale and porter, are annually drunk in the metropolis.

The late snow-storm has been dreadfully severe in Perthshire. Two women have been dug out of the snow, dead, between Perth and Crieff. A young gentleman perished on Ochil Hills. A dog boy perished near Plover Green. Glen Ferry was completely blocked up, and fifty men were employed in removing the snow.—*Glasgow Paper.*

The celebrated Russian songstress, Serpanida,

who was called the Catalani of Russia, lately relinquished all her glories, at Moscow—having, as a German paper oddly enough expresses it "gone off with the salt."

Baron Rothschild gave a grand fete in Paris, to which above 1,200 persons were invited. The library of the late Professor Kall, of Copenhagen, was purchased by Notker, bookseller at Hamburg, for 900*l*. marcus current. This extensive library contains 92 books printed before the year 1500; 1000 folio, 4000 quarto, 8000 octavo volumes, together with 50,000 medical dissertations, and 600 manuscripts, relating chiefly to the history of Denmark.

The London Literary Gazette gives the following as a genuine copy of his Majesty's letter to Lord Liverpool on the subject of the King's library.

"Dear Lord Liverpool.—The King, my late revered and excellent father, having formed, during a long series of years, a most valuable and extensive library, consisting of about one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, I have resolved to present this collection to the British nation.—While I have the satisfaction, by this means, of advancing the literature of my country, I also feel that I am paying a just tribute to the memory of a parent, whose life was adorned by every public and private virtue. I desire to add, that I have great pleasure, my Lord, in making this communication through you. Believe me, with great regard, your sincere friend.

"Pavilion, Brighton, Jan. 5, 1823.

(Signed) "G. R.

"The Earl of Liverpool, K. G. &c. &c."

Extraordinary interposition of Providence.

During the first Circuit of Mr. Justice Holroyd, an incident occurred, which as it is highly interesting in itself, and serves in an eminent degree to display the interposition of Providence we present to our readers. The prisoner who was a peasant, was accused of the murder of his neighbor, who was a farmer; the usual evidence was brought forward on these occasions, as to the hearing, struggles, &c. but the most that could be adduced was presumptive rather than convincing—the body had been found in a rut, with the neck, arms, and legs broken, by a plough man who was accustomed to plough after day-break, and who supposed with many others, he had been run over by some cart or wagon. The deceased was known to have had some quarrel with the prisoner, and the prisoner was heard to utter some indistinct declarations of revenge, suspicion, consequently fixed on him, and he was now arraigned for the crime. When called on for his defence, he stoutly denied the charge, and the Judge proceeded to sum up the evidence, making some observation on the slight and unsatisfactory nature of the testimony adduced; he had nearly concluded, when a woman came into the crowded part of the Court and asked what they were doing there—some one replied, trying a man for the murder of Johnson.

"Indeed," said she, "I know something about that." Judge Holroyd, while this was passing, felt annoyed at the interruption, and called "silence," which not being attended to, he asked what was the matter, and was informed, it was occasioned by the entrance of a woman who declared she knew something of the murder of Johnson. He then ordered her to be brought forward, and asked her what she knew of the matter before him. The tale she told was very simple. She had been at a neighbouring farm making the night of the murder, and had stood late, it was some fields distant from Johnson's to the house of her friends, and she had passed that field in which the body was found, in the way home. As she came through this field, she heard a noise as of men fighting; then she felt with great weight on the ground, and coming closer to hide herself in a thicket hedge, she perceived a tall man in a smock frock, bending over him, but the night being dark and lowering, she could not discern his features; the figure on the ground groaned, and the man in the smock frock, who she afterwards learned was the prisoner, then took the body to a neighbouring field gate, and leaving it thereon, broke the neck, arms and legs, and laid it in the rut and disappeared.

"Woman," said the Judge, "look round the Court and see if you can recognize the man who did this." She gazed around, but her eye fell with no power of recognition either on the prisoner, or on any other individual. "I cannot," said she, "the night was too dark to see his face so as to remember it again. But, my Lord, were I to hear him speak, I should know his voice instantly, it was so remarkable." A pause ensued—the Judge sat as it were hesitating between strict justice and mercy—at length he spoke as follows: "All that we are bound to do has been done, it is not in the power of any of our laws to make any man speak to his own condemnation. The testimony of this woman bears the attestation of truth, but where the life of a fellow creature is concerned we had proceeded thus far, when the prisoner, looking up, ejaculated, 'O my Lord!—The effect on the woman was like an electric shock, she trembled from head to foot, and turned deadly pale, she attempted to speak, but could not. Judge Holroyd continued, 'It is evident from the terrifying effect of the three words just spoken, the prisoner at the bar perpetrated the crime imputed to him, and I should regret one of the strongest interpositions of Providence I ever met with, or read of, could I for an instant hesitate in forming my opinion as to the guilt of this self-confessed murderer.' The Judge instantly found the prisoner guilty. It was what was termed Judge Holroyd's manna Circuit, on which occasion it seems the Judges make it a rule (if possible) not to take away life, and in consequence of some exertions on his part, the prisoner's sentence was mitigated into transportation for life.—*Cork Paper.*

A man lately fell from the Gallery of the Coluq Theatre in London, into the Pit. He received a compound fracture in one of his legs, but was not considered as wounded mortally. He endeavored to force his way into the front seat, to effect which he threw himself violently forward, exclaiming, "here I go," and pitched over the railing head foremost.—The part of the Pit where he fell was not occupied.

Musical Catastrophe.—The editor of the London Museum on his way in his coach to the opera, sung an Italian air, and instantly expired.

The Bishop of Meath died lately in Ireland.

IRISH PROMOTIONS.

Dean Arbutnot of Cloyne, has been made Bishop of Kilaloe; the Bishop of Kilaloe, Bishop of Down; and the Bishop of Down, Bishop of Meath.

POPULATION OF SIERRA LEONE.

The amount on the first of August last, was 16,671; more than 11,000 of these being Africans liberated from slave ships; and more than 2000 natives from the districts surrounding the colony. The increase in two years exceeds 4000.

CLERGY IN FRANCE.

The number of the clergy in France is 35,643, and their income \$4,657,000; 375 only are Protestants. All are paid alike out of the national treasury. Before the Revolution, the whole number of clergy of all descriptions was 460,078—and their revenues amounted to 33,000,000 per ann.

The Russian Minister, Baron de Thuyllé

and suite, arrived in this city on Sunday afternoon, and have taken lodging at Mrs. Fullerton's in Fourth-street.

Vice Vera.—The Cashier of the New South Wales Bank (Botany Bay) has been sentenced to fourteen years transportation, for embezzling, as he confessed, about £12,000 of the money of the bank. Where will they send him? Perhaps he may be despatched to England in one of the return convict vessels.

An auctioneer at a late sale of antiquities, put up a helmet with the following candid observation: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder I cannot tell."

The destruction among the fruit and forest trees in the vicinity of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, occasioned by the late storm, was very great. In one lot of woodland, of 4 acres, it is estimated that not less than one half of the wood and timber was levelled to the ground.

The President of the United States, in commemoration of the distinguished services of Maj. Gen. La Fayette, during the Revolutionary War, has directed that the fortress at the Narrows, at New York, heretofore called Fort Diamond, should be known hereafter by the name of Fort La Fayette. The ceremony in conformity thereto took place on Monday last, at 1 o'clock P. M. In honour of this event, Major General Morton directed a salute to be fired from the Battery by a Battalion from the Brigade of Artillery.

Weekly Compendium.

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The number of horses in France in 1814, according to Montalvert, was 1,808,000. The number in England at the same time, according to Montverant, was 1,818,348 of which 618,348 were for purposes of luxury, or in the language of political economists, not engaged in "productive labour." The number in the state of New York, according to Mr. Goodenow's estimate for 1811, is 300,000.

The subject of the next novel of Sir Walter Scott, the author of Waverley, &c., is stated to be the Gun Powder Plot. It must of course embrace the same period of time as Peveril of the Peak.

Capt. Ross, arrived at Boston from Port au Prince, which place he left on the 12th ult. states, that owing to the late fire, which had caused an immense accumulation of filth, Port au Prince had become quite sickly, and foreigners were daily falling victims to the pestilential stench.

Murder.—Capt. Bownell, of the ship Gov. Tompkins, which arrived here on Sunday last, informs that while at Havana, one of his crew was murdered by some villains. The body was found on the dock abreast of the ship, with a knife sticking in his throat. Capt. B. was forced to pay \$34 for the Coroner's Inquest, of which \$6 was for messenger's services.

The James River Steam Boat Company announce in the papers, that they will henceforth carry passengers free of fare, on such days as the steam boat Potomac runs in James river.

Whale Fishery.—We have accounts of nearly seventy ships engaged in the Pacific Whale Fishery, from several ports in the United States, and from Great Britain. The quantity of oil ascertained to be already taken by them, exceeds two millions of gallons; averaging nearly 1000 barrels to each ship.—*Nantucket Inq.*

A St. Louis paper states, that William H. Ashley, Esq. a lawyer, late of Hudson, New York, is advertising for a party of one hundred hunters, to be employed among the Rocky Mountains, by the year. Wages, 200 dollars each.

Another disaster at Sea.—Big Rebecca Ann, Walker, from Boston for Porto Rico, after being out 8 days, put back in consequence of a leak, and was cast away in Fresh Water Cove, (Glorchester), on Sunday evening last, and went immediately to pieces. All on board (including two passengers) perished, except one seaman, who reached the shore in safety. Seven of the bodies have been found. The brig was loaded with beef, fish, &c. and belonged to Kennebunk.

Hantomeness.—The Alexandria Herald mentions that some person or persons unknown, forcibly entered a stable in that town, last Saturday night week, and entirely disfigured two riding horses, with some sharp instrument. The next day the same person, as is supposed, put an advertisement in the Herald and forged the name of the owner of the horses, offering them for sale.

On the 17th of February, the Republican Chief, Guadalupe Victoria, entered Vera Cruz, with every manifestation of joy. In anticipation of this event, the crown of Iturbide had been burnt in the public square, and the Tree of Liberty planted upon it, under which Victoria passed on his way to the Palace. On arriving at the palace, he with Santa Anna, presented themselves at the balconies with wreaths of laurels on their brows, which the people insisted upon their wearing.

Mr. H. Traphagen, of Harsimus, N. J. raised last summer about 20,000 cabbage heads for the New York market, but not being able to dispose of the whole from his carts, he manufactured the residue into sauer kraut, which he now sells at from \$8 to \$10 per bbl. for exportation to India.

Captain Harding, arrived at Boston from Havana, reports, that on the 25th of March, it was hourly expected that orders would be issued for the detention of all French vessels in that port.

Post Office Regulation.—In future all letters sent by the Steam Boats, will be charged with postage, according to the distance they are conveyed, at the same rates as they are sent in the mail by land.

The list of Plants now cultivated in G. Britain is given at upwards of 120,000. They have been collected from all parts of the world. Two thousand three hundred and forty-five varieties were taken from America.

Captain Berry, of the schr. New Priscilla from Cape Haytien, informs the editor of the Alexandria Gazette, that the Haytien Government has prohibited all vessels on the coast from loading with mahogany.

The number of persons committed to the Essex County Jail, N. J. for Debt the last year, ending the 1st day of April 1823, is three hundred and thirty eight—one hundred and forty-one of which were kept in close confinement. Aggregate amount of debts for which they were committed \$55,400.

The one hundredth and first edition of an Italian translation of Dr. FRANKLIN'S Way to Wealth, from "Poor Richard," has been published.

The steamboat James Ross, was destroyed at St. Louis, on the 18th of February. She was lying at anchor during the winter, but by the sudden breaking up of the ice in the river, the exposed side of the boat against which large islands of ice came with the most irresistible force, was instantly crushed and broke down.

A prisoner named Hunt, under sentence of death for horse stealing, in the jail of Cornwall, L. C. has once broken out and escaped, but was re-taken. He again attempted to escape, by setting fire to the building, but his design was frustrated.

Col. Steele White, of Savannah, was killed on the 29th ult. He was returning from a horse race, mounted on a spirited animal, which took fright, plunged into the woods, and dashed the rider against a tree. His death was almost instantaneous.

Two children of a Mr. Barret were drowned a few days since at Montreal.—The little victims were frightened at a sleigh which was approaching them rapidly, and in flying from it, plunged into a hole in the ice, which had been broken the day before by a horse which fell through.

Benjamin Wright, of Geauga county, Ohio, has been tried for, and convicted of, the crime of murder—for killing Zophar Warner, on the 1st of Feb. last. He is to be executed on the 15th of May next.

The House of assembly of New York has passed a bill prescribing long solitary confinement as a punishment for crimes.

A new appropriation of \$1,500,000 has been made for the New York Canal.

H. B. M. ship Conway, arrived at Portsmouth on the 20th of February, from Lima and Brazil, with two millions three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The London edition of "The Pioneers," is advertised in the papers of the 26th of February, and the 3d English edition of the Spy in the papers of March 1st.

Fire at Erie, (Penn.)—The new Court-House at Erie, Penn. just finished, at the cost of \$17,000, with all the contents of the offices of the probate, register, clerks of the court, and county commissioners, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 23d ult.

M. Champollion of Paris, is said to have discovered a method of interpreting Hieroglyphic inscriptions, found in the monuments of Egypt. This has long been a desideratum among the learned. To the cause of ancient literature, it will be one of the most important discoveries of modern times.

The Bible Society of St. Petersburg has caused to be printed and published, in the Mogul and Calmuc languages, the Four Evangelists with the history of the Four Apostles, which will be followed by the whole of the New Testament.

One of our papers says—"Arrived schr. Fame, from Charleston, via New London. While lying at anchor in that harbor, during the violent rain storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist meeting house from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

The following accident, which occurred in Boston harbor during the late gale, might serve for a subject upon which to match the above paragraph.

"Brig Enterprise," at Holmes wharf, parted her fasts, drove up the dock, and received trifling damage, and beat down a blacksmith's shop with her bowsprit."

A fracas took place at the Circus in Baltimore a few nights since, during which the son of a respectable citizen, an amiable youth, no way concerned in the affray, received a dangerous wound, being stabbed by a dirk, which, it is feared, may prove fatal.

The Common Council of Savannah, has, with a becoming feeling, refused to receive into the City Treasury, any money, the proceeds of the sale of free blacks. [This is an honourable exception from the Algherine policy—generally prevailing that barbarous state.]

Desperate Conflict.—Mr. Rial Corning, of Mentor, Ohio, on entering his distillery a short time since, found it in possession of a large Wild Cat, which immediately sprang at him. During the encounter, he caught the Cat by the throat, and after a hard struggle succeeded in killing it without injury to himself.

HORRID BARBARITY.

From a statement made by Capt. Robinson, who arrived at New York on Sunday, from New Orleans, it appears that the Brig which Perkins commanded, was the Belsharius of Kennebunk. She arrived at the Balize on the 20th ult. The schooner by which she was captured at the mouth of Campeachy harbour, was of about 40 tons burthen, and had a crew of between thirty and forty men. They robbed the brig of anchors, and cables, sails, rigging, quadrants, books, charts, papers, and nearly all her provisions and water. They demanded money but captain P. denied having any. They then stabbed him in several places,

and cut off one of his arms. The last where his money (200 dollars) was. They took it, but did not desert from their cruelty. He was deprived of the other arm and of one of his legs. They then dipped oakum in oil, put some in his mouth and under him, set it on fire, and thus terminated his sufferings!!!

The mate was stabbed with a sabre, in the thigh. On the passage from Campeachy to the Balize, the brig was providentially supplied with provisions, &c. by several vessels which she fell in with, otherwise the remainder of the crew must inevitably have perished.

MORE PIRACY.

The schooner Abigail, Driggs, has arrived at New York, in 16 days from Gibara in Cuba. She was blockaded two weeks by a piratical schooner of above one hundred tons, manned with sixty men, all Spaniards, with two long twelve, twoneine, and one eighteen pounders. She had taken a Spanish ship under French colors from Cadix and Vera Cruz, with a large cargo of dry goods, and a Spanish brig, and a brig supposed to be American, and carried them into Orange Harbor. The same pirate took the Ladies' Delight, and murdered the crew on the 18th of March. The Congress frigate sailed on the 9th ultimo, from St. Jago for the north side of Cuba.

The Newport Rum.—We have this morning the pleasure of looking at a beautiful sketch of the Ruined Tower, near Newport (R. I.) on land owned by Colonel Gibbs, of this city. It is believed this is the only relic of this kind in the United States; and on that account, as well as from its character, it has long been an interesting object to the traveller. No light has yet been thrown upon its origin, except the acknowledgment of its existence in deeds of land, for upwards of one hundred and eighty years. Fancy is therefore free to fling around it the charm of aboriginal superstition; to people it with beings, and connect it with scenes and events of other times; to make it the residence or temple of some exile from a foreign shore; the castle of some Philip. What a field is here for the range of imagination, and what a theme for the pen of the poet or novelist!—Y. T. Statesman.

FROM RIO JANEIRO.

The brig Homer, arrived at Norfolk from Rio Janeiro, reports that the French ship St. Martin arrived at Rio on the 26th Feb. from Havre de Grace, having on board the Baron de Carwinsky, Chamberlain of the King of Bavaria, with dispatches from the Emperor of Austria to the Emperor of Brazil.

Information had been received at Rio Janeiro, that the King of Sweden had authorized a commercial intercourse between Sweden and Norway and the ports of South America, and of his having also authorized the commercial vessels belonging to the inhabitants of those ports, who received and amicably treated the vessels of Norway and Sweden, to enter the ports of the two Kingdoms, and receive their productions in exchange for the imported American produce.

Mexico.—The John, captain Hillard, brings accounts from Vera Cruz to March 13th. The country continued in a very unsettled state. The Republican partizan Chiefs were concentrating their forces at Puebla, preparatory to attacking the Emperor in Mexico, who has about 2000 men attached to him, with the Indian population in his favor. But the general opinion appeared to be that there will be no fighting, and that the Emperor will soon either seek his personal safety by flight or make some arrangement with the Republicans by which he may be permitted to retire as a private citizen.

Mobile, March 3.—An uncommon case of suicide occurred in this city on Thursday evening last. A bagman, about 28 years of age, by the name of James Freece, (or something pronounced like it,) put and end to his life by a stroke with a axe upon his left arm, which cut about half way through, a little below his elbow. He was on board a large lying at one of our busiest wharves, where he peacefully bled to death in about two hours, as is supposed. He is said to have lived in the neighborhood of the Falls of Chawassa, but was last from the Tombeckbe. A hard hearted fear is suspected to have been the cause of the fatal deed.

Bellows' Falls, N. Y. April 7.

On Thursday evening last, about 8 o'clock, the inhabitants of this village were alarmed with the cry of Fire! Every man seized his buckets, and hastened to stop the ravages of the devouring element. The church bell was set a ringing, and the village manifested the usual bustle attendant on such occasions. The evening was excessively dark, but nothing like fire, excepting the numerous lanterns, which were dancing in every direction, was discernable. The fire was at length discovered to have originated in the brain of a drunken tinker, undoubtedly from spontaneous combustion; who, being unable to navigate a straight forward course, had brought himself up in a ditch from which he was unable to extricate himself without assistance; and in order to obtain which he raised the cry of fire! It was no sooner discovered in what place the fire was located than the buckets were immediately filled, and emptied with alacrity upon the pate of the monster of fire and kettles, to the no small gratification of the spectators and performers; and the tinker's brain somewhat cooled by this process, he took himself off as fast as possible—no doubt with determination never to cry fire again, when there was no fire.—*Intel.*

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

The sixth annual meeting was held in the Capitol, Washington city, Feb. 20th, 1823. Gen. Charles F. Mercer was called to the chair, and the Annual Report was read by the Agent, Mr. Guley.

The thanks of the Society were given to the Managers and Officers; to the President and Officers of the Massachusetts Society; to Gov. C. M'Carty, and other gentlemen at Sierra Leone for their kind attention to the Society's Agent and the Colonists; and to Dr. Eli Ayres, for services rendered on the coast of Africa.

